

## SENATE CONFIRMS PITNEY FOR BENCH

Commission of Harlan's Successor Signed Immediately After Confirmation

Washington, D. C., March 13.—Mahlon Pitney, Chancellor of the State of New Jersey, President Taft's nominee to succeed the late Justice Harlan on the Supreme Bench, was confirmed by the Senate today by a vote of 50 to 26.

Judge Pitney will come to Washington Monday.

### DAVIDSON WON'T FIGHT SUIT

St. Louis, Mo., March 12.—Word was received last night from Portland, Ore., that A. J. Davidson, former president of the Frisco Railroad, will not contest his wife's divorce suit.

They have not lived together since he was found in a dazed condition in Chicago two years ago, after resigning his position as head of the Frisco lines. Carl R. Gray, formerly of the Frisco in St. Louis, who left here to take charge of the Hill lines in Oregon, took Davidson there and gave him a new start as a clerk at \$75 a month. Previously he was under Davidson, whose salary was \$10,000 a year.

Mr. and Mrs. Davidson lived in a luxurious home in St. Louis and were extravagant entertainers.

### THE STATE UNIVERSITY

"Every Day at the University" is the title of a picture bulletin just issued by the University of Missouri. The fifty pages of pictures and print tell the story of how our State University is training men for the various professions of Agriculture, Engineering, Teaching, Law, Journalism and Medicine.

The bulletin gives pictures of University activities and has many views of the buildings. It takes the reader on a trip through the University, which is full of interest. A copy of this bulletin may be obtained by anyone who is thinking of entering the University by writing to the Dean of the University Faculty at Columbia, Missouri.

### CASSVILLE NEWS

From the Republican.

Mrs. L. Z. Twilligear, who has been visiting her sons north of town for several weeks has returned to her home at Ellensburg, Wash.

Mr. and Mrs. Lem Moore, of Seneca, Mr. and Mrs. Lee Chapman, of Webb City, Mr. and Mrs. Cox, of Monett and Mrs. Myrtle Howell, of Sarcoxie, are at the home of Mr. and Mrs. P. R. Moore east of town on account of the illness of Miss Edie Moore who is ill with lung trouble.

John Ray was taken suddenly sick Monday while in Rogers, Ark., on business for the paper house for which he is a traveling salesman. He was quite ill for a few hours. Means Ray went to Rogers Monday night and accompanied John home Tuesday morning.

S. M. Mitchell is expecting the men here this week whom he expects to close his big real estate deal with. As was stated last week, Mr. Mitchell is selling his fine home farm and the Griffin farm, combined making a 230 acre tract, adjoining Cassville. He takes in on the deal three sections of land near Amarillo, Texas. The contracts are all signed and Mr. Mitchell states that the deal is practically closed. Mr. Mitchell is planning to build a handsome home on the excellent building site near the fine spring at the north side of the reunion grounds and means to make Cassville his permanent home.

Wm. Houston, the present assessor of Barry county is a candidate for re-election. Mr. Houston has filled the office to the entire satisfaction of the taxpayers of the county and no mistake will be made in giving him another term.

### CRESCENT

Mrs. Jake Mangas and son Raymond and Miss Mary Gottas, of Parsons, Kan., are visiting with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Gottas.

Mr. and Mrs. John Carlson spent Sunday with Herman Johnson's.

Charley and Herman Johnson's children who have been very ill with pneumonia, are reported to be somewhat better.

Miss Mary Gottas spent several days last week with Mrs. Browning.

Mrs. Walter Browning spent Sunday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Gottas.

Mr. Young is building a house on the farm which he recently purchased from J. S. Greimling.

Very few children are attending school during this bad weather.

Mr. Thomas of route 4 is almost a stranger out here. Monday was the first day for three weeks that he ventured out this far.

Quite a number of people of this vicinity attended the Berry Grower's Union at Monett, Tuesday.

FRANK.

### BUTTERFIELD

M. A. Boucher of Purdy, was here Wednesday on business.

Mrs. Edna Ferguson has accepted a position as trimmer in a millinery store at Purdy.

Mrs. Jennie Sullivan and children of Monett visited at John Holder's Saturday and Sunday.

Dave Talbert has torn down his old shop and built a new and larger one.

Dr. Leith was called to see Fred Ray last week who is suffering from some urinary disorder.

Robt. Riddle has purchased the Ben Ray property which he will occupy in the near future.

A Mrs. Jeffries of Newtonia, is visiting her sister, Mrs. McNally and other relatives in this vicinity.

As near as can be ascertained our berry association has about five hundred acres of strawberries this year.

Isn't it strange that while some people are continually striving to know the right and then strive to do the right, other scarcely do anything that is right unless they are clubbed in to it.

At Thos. Ferguson's residence Tuesday night a lace curtain caught fire from a lamp and had not Mrs. Ferguson been in the house at the time, the flames would have been beyond control in a very short time.

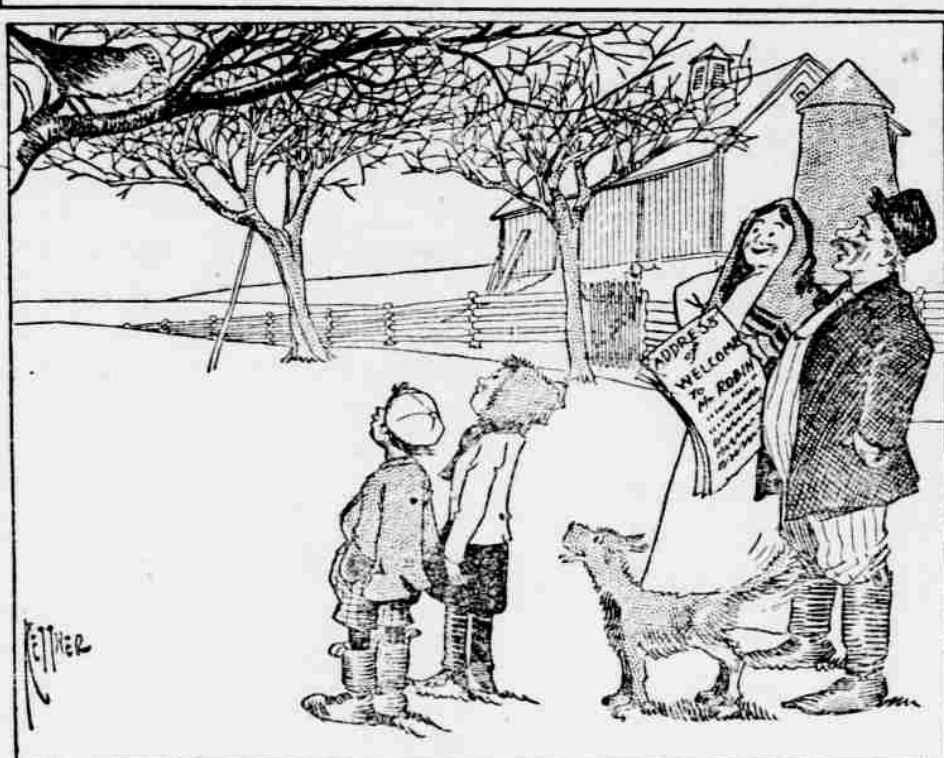
Albert Hadley while hauling a load of corn recently stalled his team in a snow drift and lifting at a wheel he injured himself internally, from which he is suffering considerably and is under the care of Dr. Leith. From last report he was improving nicely.

The following berry growers from this place attended the meeting of the Ozark Fruit Grower's Association at Monett Tuesday: W. D. and Ray Cowherd, L. Gulick, Wm. Riddle, F. S. Whittington, J. W. Prier, E. B. Linebarger, D. A. Utter, Lee Russell, J. M. Gurley, Thos. Ferguson, Jack Harvey and Mr. Holland.

Doubtless there are some who regard the Butterfield correspondent as a "crank" and possibly I am. To such I would suggest that a crank is very necessary in some cases, for instance, if you will hold that bonehead of yours to a grindstone and then let the crank play its part rather vigorously until about an inch in thickness of surplus bone is disposed of possibly you can get an idea into that hair covered knot on your neck.

Mrs. L. A. Blood has gone to Enid, Okla., to visit her daughter, Mrs. Harrison Yoakum, for some time.

## "WELCOME"



## LONG AND FINE RIDES FIRST RAILROAD IN AMERICA

AMERICA HOLDS ONE RECORD, BUT NOT THE OTHER.

Frank Seaman and Party Had Most Extended Trip, Traveling Thousands of Miles—Duke of York's Train de Luxe.

The world's record for a continuous trip in a private car is held by Frank Seaman, according to the Railroad Man's Magazine, lasted 101 days, and extended into eighteen states and the republic of Mexico. In that time Mr. Seaman and his party traveled 14,500 miles in the car, 450 miles by steamboat, 300 miles by stage and 150 miles on horseback.

The private car climbed to an altitude of 8,000 feet above sea level and descended to 263 feet below sea level. During all the long trip there were no mishaps and no delays.

When Thomas Nickerson, who was president of the Santa Fe before it struck oil, wanted to take a ride he carried his lunch and took a berth with the way freight. That isn't the way of all American railway presidents.

It takes the British, at home or in Canada, to fuss things up; at any rate when the road carries royalty. When the Duke and Duchess of York (now King George and Queen Mary) visited the Dominion in 1901 the Canadian railways built for them nine cars that eclipsed anything that ever traveled across the North American continent.

The train was composed of a day car and a night car, one compartment sleeper, three standard sleepers, a dining car, a baggage car and a car for the railroad employees in charge of the train. The exterior of the train was finished in natural mahogany, the standard for the company's sleeping and parlor cars.

The two royal cars bore reproductions of the coats-of-arms of the distinguished guests on each side at both ends. The train was vestibuled. Each car was equipped with electric lights and telephones.

The Cornwall, the royal day car, 78 feet 6½ inches long, had a reception room paneled in Cressian walnut with a ceiling finished in old gold with moldings and ornaments touched with gold and blue. The hangings were of dark blue velvet, the carpet was gray-green. There was a piano and chairs and a sofa. The car also has a boudoir for the Duchess with pearl gray panels painted after Watteau, with draperies of light blue moire silk.

There was also a dining room in African cornucopia with ornamental cartouches displaying at one end the coat-of-arms of the king and at the other end those of the Duke and Duchess. The arms of the Dominion and the Duke graced the other walls. The panels of the walls were green and gold, the draperies green velvet, the upholstery a warm brown. There were seats for eight.

The night coach York was of the same length as the Cornwall. In the center were two royal bedrooms with bath room and servant's room adjoining each. It was finished in pearl gray enamel with panels of silk to match the draperies. Each room was furnished with a brass bedstead, a dressing table, a large mirror and a wardrobe. The draperies in the duke's room were of crimson silk; those in the duchess' room were of pale blue moire. There were also two state-rooms, one for the lady in waiting and one for the gentleman in waiting and a baggage room.

One of the cars had a consulting room for the royal medical attendant. There were also two baggage cars. Part of one was used for cold storage. In this magnificent train the duke and duchess made the journey from Quebec to Vancouver and returned to Halifax, quite the longest single trip royalty ever has made by rail.

Columbus (S. C.) States—"Big interests" are desperately opposed to the nomination of Woodrow Wilson. Why?

Old Quincy Line Really Can Claim Honor of Being the Pioneer of Present System.

The Quincy railroad, or, as it was known in the beginning, the "Experiment Railroad," which was constructed to carry granite blocks for the Bunker Hill monument, at Boston, was the first railway in America. The first cars on this primitive line were drawn by horses.

A line known as the Vialle Railroad was put in operation out of Bangor, Me., in 1836, the Quincy road antedating this several years. The Bangor road began with two locomotives of Stephenson's make in England. They had no cabs for the driver or fireman on their arrival in this country, but rude affairs were soon attached. Wood was used for fuel.

The first cars also were made in England, a carriage much like a big stagecoach being placed on a rude platform and trucks. The capacity of each car was eight passengers. In the beginning the one train on the line made about twelve miles in forty minutes, and the people of the country round about marveled at the speed it made.

The rails on these pioneer railways were made of strap iron, spiked down to scantlings.

The Boston & Lowell, Boston & Providence, and Boston & Worcester railroads were all opened for traffic in 1835.

### EXPERIENCE A TRYING ONE

Survivor of Railroad Wreck in Which Forty Lost Their Lives. Tells of Scene.

Among the survivors of the railway disaster at Bellay-le-Thouet, in which forty persons lost their lives, is a man who, from a hospital cot, related his experiences as follows to a reporter of Le Matin of Paris:

"I thought at the time of the catastrophe that I was hopelessly lost. Looking out, I saw the arapet of the bridge suddenly swing and give way, and then there was the horrible, sudden sensation of falling. A cold shudder came over us as we felt the water pouring round our feet. There were several passengers in the same compartment in a frantic state of mind, but instinctively a sort of discipline was obligatory on us. I was near the door, and I saw that the window above me was over the water. I seized a strap, and how I did it I scarcely remember, but I smashed through the window with my head, climbed out, and was safe. A hand was stretched out toward me from inside. I seized it, and pulled out a man. Next there was a lady, and we dragged her out, and finally all that had been in the compartment were safe. But a worse time came. For hours we were perched on the roof of the car in the middle of the stream, and every moment the submerged wreck was threatened with being swept away. However, I am safe at last."

### PRESS AGENTS' TALES.



"My press agent says that I am going to Venice as soon as the show closes."

"And I'm going to tour Japan. By the way, let's hit some manager for a concert hall job."

The average life of a railroad cross is 15 years.

## Across the Aisle

(Copyright, 1911, by Associated Literary Press)

"That's Eagle's Nest pass, now," said the man across the aisle, eagerly. "Mighty pretty in this sunset light, eh?"

Jess opened her eyes. She had been dozing for the last hour. The view was gorgeous from the car windows. She leaned forward, and looked out at the great encircling mountains, the still, dark lake far below the track, the vast, outstretching distances beyond the pass itself. Somewhere over toward the golden sunset lay her brother's ranch, and the new life that had swept her out of the rut down east. After ten years of school teaching in the country, it seemed like enchantment that she should be out here, skimming over the last ridge of the Rockies.

"It won't be all easy work, Jess," Tom had written, "but I've got the upper hand of things here now, and I think you'll like it."

The man across the aisle was talking to his fellow passenger, a sleepy old man, who had been dozing comfortably, and refused to warm up to the glories of the scenery.

"I wouldn't give a hand's breadth of this country up here for all Manhattan."

"Where you from?" growled back the other.

"Deerfoot, sir. Finest section and richest out here. Come into the smoking compartment with me and let me tell you about it."

He rose impulsively, a tall, strong-limbed youngster, with all the vivid assurance and hope of the west in his face. Suddenly he hesitated and looked across the aisle at the girl there. Their eyes met. He almost smiled, and reached for a handbag in the upper rack.

"Could I leave this with you just while I step into the smoker?" he asked. "I won't be more than half an hour."

Jess bowed her head assentingly and he slipped the bag in beside her own suitcase on the floor. It seemed very heavy. After he had gone Jess threw her fur scarf over it and wondered who its owner was.

Not ten minutes later the train slowed up. There was the sharp hiss of air brakes. The wheels seemed to grate and grind along on the rails. Almost instantly shots sounded up forward. Some of the men passengers rose. Jess held her breath and wondered if, after all, she was not to reach her new life.

The doors at the end of the car swung open. Two masked, armed men entered.

"Hands up and shut up, and nobody'll be hurt," said one tersely. The other started systematically to search. At Jess' seat he reached for her suitcase and saw the girl had fainted. Her pretty head lay back on the roll top of the seat, white and death-like, and it checked him. He glanced at the suit case, back at her face, and passed on. Under her skirts rested the leather satchel unobserved.

When she came to some one was bathing her face in cold water.

"Flucky? Well, rather. That's better. It's all right now. We're on our way and the gang didn't get what it wanted after all," he leaned nearer; "thanks to you."

"I don't know what you mean," faltered Jess.

"Of course you don't, but I'm mighty obliged to you just the same. They passed by the smoker and missed me, and didn't look for my belongings in your seat, that's all."

"You mean the satchel?"

"You didn't try to lift it, did you? It's full of solid gold. I think you deserve to know, don't you? Do you mind if I sit here? We'll be into Eagle View in 20 minutes, and I leave the train there."

"So do I," said Jess, shyly.

"Where bound?" There was no mistaking his eagerness.

"To the Sawtooth ranch. It's my brother's."

"Tom McQuaid's? Why, we're neighbors. It's a queer little juggler's ball that we dance on, this world, isn't it? I'm Raleigh Sayres, superintendent at the Deerfoot works. Why, when I first spoke to you, and you looked at me, I—why, I just felt as if we must know each other. Don't you know what I mean?"

Jess' long dark lashes drooped downward.

"I know," she said. "I'm glad too, that you will be near—Tom."

"But do you know what you've done this day? Why, you'll be the heroine of the whole valley! We pay off in gold up there. So, well—the gold is in that satchel, and back yonder in the pass there's a band of train robbers wondering who gave the wrong tip that the Deerfoot money was to go through on this train. Do you see now? It rested safely right here under your blessed feet."

"But I fainted. I wasn't a bit brave," protested Jess.

"And made doubly sure thereby," he laughed.

The train was pulling around the last mountain curve into Eagle View. He helped to slip her long cloak about her and fold the dark furs close about her throat. Then he reached down for the satchel and her suit case.

"I think Tom will meet me," said Jess, demurely. "But you may come, all the same—soon."

## SUFFRAGE SEEKERS INVADE CONGRESS

Women Pack Committee Rooms as Speakers Fled for Equal Rights Amendment

Washington, D. C., March 13.—Leaders of the campaign for votes for women invaded the capital today and presented their arguments to Congress for an amendment to the Constitution, granting equal rights.

Hearings were given by a joint committee of the woman's suffrage and judiciary committees in the Senate, and by the Judiciary Committee of the House.

The committee rooms where the hearings were held were crowded to the limit by women from various cities.

Dr. Anna Shaw marshaled the suffragist forces at the Senate hearing.

Dr. Shaw asked the Senate Committee to recommend, in case it did not report the constitutional amendment, an investigation of woman suffrage in the States that have granted it.

A full attendance of the House Judiciary Committee and the proponents of six different congressional resolutions for the franchise greeted the suffragists in the House.

### NO LAND FOR SALE

Sedalia, Mo., March 13.—The criticism of certain Easterners who have toured the West that "all of your country appears to be for sale" is not true of all parts of Missouri—there is at least one exception.

A short time ago the State Immigration Board, the headquarters of which are located in this city, mailed a blank to the mayor of each of the 168 cities and towns in the state having 1,000 population and over requesting the names of commercial club secretaries, bank cashiers and real estate agents. The mayor of Hayti, a town of 1,057 inhabitants, as shown by the last census, located down in Pemiscot county, replied as follows:

"We have no commercial club. No real estate agents here. Never heard of anybody wanting to sell any land here. Lots of people come here trying to buy but only a few succeed—it is too valuable to swap off. There was a real estate man here once but he either starved to death or left the country."

### HADLEY FREES HIS 509TH

Jefferson City, Mo., March 12.—Gov. Hadley today commuted the two year penitentiary sentence of Frederick Tate of Franklin County, serving since July for grand larceny, to which he pleaded guilty.

The Governor says he released the prisoner because of his youth. This is the five hundred and ninth commutation issued by him.

### PURDY NEWS

From The Herald.

Miss Leona Cox was a Monett visitor Saturday of last week.

Dutch and Roy Combs were visiting Monett friends Sunday evening.

Henry Burkhart and two daughters of Monett visited Mrs. Sarah McGown last Saturday.

Mrs. Matilda Archibald died at 11:30 a. m., Wednesday, March 13, aged 86 years. The remains will be taken to Cassville for burial. Obituary next week.

### D. M. C. EMBROIDERY CLUB

The D. M. C. Embroidery Club met Tuesday afternoon with Mrs. R. B. Kyler on Central Avenue. Mrs. Kyler was assisted in entertaining by Mrs. John Halterman. The ladies spent a most enjoyable afternoon over their fancy work.

Those present were Mesdames Walter Draper, J. W. Gillen, C. Linthicum, J. J. Pendergrass, Clyde Carr, John Beatty, Jack Kane, W. A. Mills, S. T. Clutter and J. E. Sater.